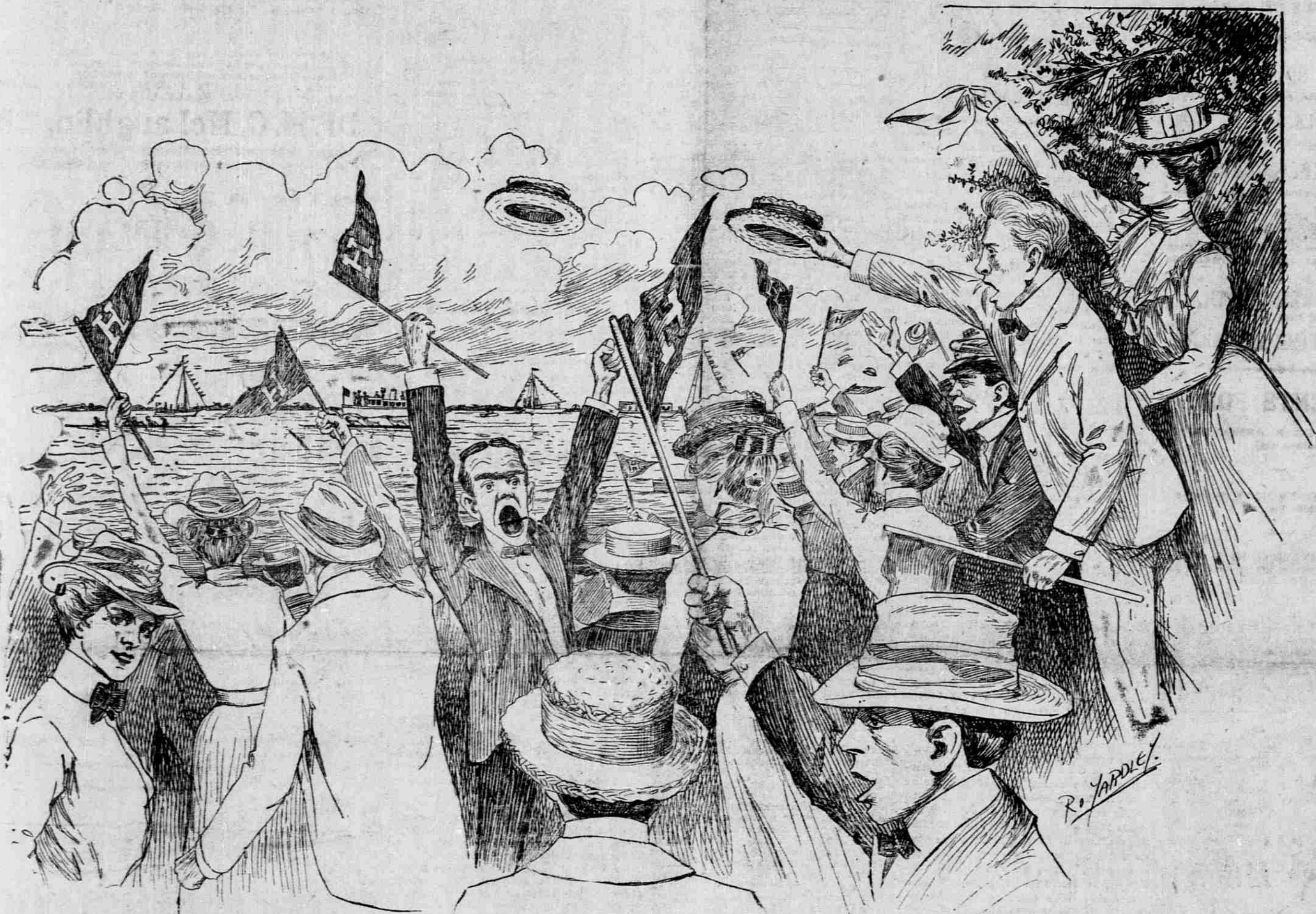


## THE HEALANIS WIN THE GREAT BOAT RACES AT PEARL HARBOR ON INDEPENDENCE DAY--OTHER LIVELY EVENTS



FOURTH OF JULY RACES AT PEARL HARBOR--JUST AFTER THE FINISH.

### THE WINNING CREWS IN YESTERDAY'S BOAT RACES.



THE SENIOR HEALANIS.



THE JUNIOR HEALANIS.

THE one hundred and twenty-fifth birthday of the declaration of Independence was enthusiastically observed yesterday by the two boat clubs. The depot of the Oahu railroad presented a festive appearance about 8:45 in the morning, just before the long excursion train pulled out for Pearl Harbor and the races.

Hundreds of men, women and children came from all directions in hacks, by tramcar, on foot and on bicycles, crowding into the long string of coaches that stood waiting, headed by a great, puffing engine that was gay with flags and red, white and blue pennants and flags, and gay club colors fluttered from every window. Each after coach was filled, and catches that were added were crowded to their capacity with a merry, laughing throng. The blue and white of the Healanis, and the scarlet and white of the Myrtles, were in evidence everywhere, in handkerchiefs, neckties, ribbons, sunshades, neckties and leis, and there was good natured banter between club sympathizers.

Finally the great engine moved out of the station, drawing in its wake twenty-three coaches laden with gayly clad, merrily cheering human freight. The only thing lacking from the general holiday appearance was the usual strains of Kappelmeister Berger's band. Hilo's gale, it is to be hoped, made up for Honolulu's loss throughout the festivities of the day.

As the train left the depot there was a lively popping of firecrackers and "redheads," the parting salute of those who remained behind. It was answered by an intermittent response from the car windows, the pockets of Young America having been thoughtfully filled with this harmless and soul-satisfying ammunition beforehand.

Off towards the mountains, big white clouds were flying with tails of the national colors, and on the left the national banner floated over Oahu prison, the flagpole bearing also the grim and sinister un-American weather vane in the copper pattern of a bloodhound.

Plunging down the iron-tracked cut through the lantana, across the rice fields and past the taro patches, the

road, forming arcs and half circles, so that those on the rear cars could frequently view the gayly-decked engine and a long string of coaches here and there a Japanese or Chinese from the windows of which flags and pennants fluttered, rounding the turn day, over the rice fields, urging a team

of floundering water buffaloes on our procession they tramped over the red dust towards the boathouses, said red dust adhering plentifully to daintily frilled petticoats and immaculate duck trousers, and detracting somewhat from the elaborateness of holiday

A little over a half hour's ride brought the excursionists to the railroad terminus, and the coaches poured forth their thousands. In a promiscuous

attire, but having no effect upon the rising spirit of enthusiasm.

Arrived at the beach the crowd awaited the races, while soda water bottles popped and certain energetic small boys who had dexterously ducked between the legs of the conductor on the train to avoid awkward questions in regard to fare, gathered up the empty bottles and scurried over the ground towards the refreshment stands, intent on rebate.

Out on the smooth, beautiful water, white-winged yachts sailed about, at the will of their proud possessors, while the merry laughter of guests on board rang out across the shimmering wavelets that gently lapped the pebbled beach at the feet of the spectators. Noisy launches and busy rowboats plied about, evidently with a great deal of business to attend to, and two white flags marked the finishing line for the coming boat races nearby, while off in the distance, up the harbor, two twin white pennants marked the starting line.

Presently there was a shout from all along the beach, and a great waving of hats and handkerchiefs. The race of the seniors had begun. Down towards the crowd the two fragile shells came, the lithe bodies of the oarsmen bending and swinging with the simultaneous dipping of the oars and inspiring the respective sympathizers on shore to renewed shouts and frantic waving.

Almost from the start the result was obvious, and the devotees of the blue and white went wild. Those who wore the scarlet and white were not far behind the band, however, and cheered encouragement to the falling Myrtles. When the Healanis shell came in full three lengths ahead it was as if bedlam were let loose and the defeated sympathizers were given over to excesses in response to the banter of the victorious. One small boy with a scarlet and white handkerchief on his hat, and trousers turned up to show a barber-pole arrangement of the same colors in hosiery, was driven to the admission--"Well, them Healanis fellows can handle the oars, after all."

The race of the junior crews was

(Continued on Page 2.)